WORLD'S FAIR
No. 2

VIENNA 1873. PHILADELPHIA 1876. PARIS 1878.

T
395
.G4

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. T.395 Copyright No.

Shelf .G4

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

PARIS–PHILADELPHIA–VIENNA.

BY

CHARLES GINDRIEZ. ARCHITECT, OF FRANCE,
PROFESSOR JAMES M. HART, OF UNITED STATES.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
No.
CITY OF WASHINGTON

NEW YORK:
A. S. BARNES & CO.
1878.

Copyright, 1878,
By A. S. Barnes & Co.

T395
.S14

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1878, ... 5

BY CHARLES GINDRIEZ, ARCHITECT.

VIENNA AND THE CENTENNIAL, ... 22

BY PROFESSOR JAMES M. HART.

Companion Volume.

THE WORLD'S FAIR, PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

A CRITICAL ACCOUNT.

By Professor FRANCIS A. WALKER, of Yale College,

(Chief of the Bureau of Awards at the Centennial Exhibition.)

Cloth, 8vo. Price, 50 Cents.

BY THE SAME PUBLISHERS:

ATLAS ESSAYS, in Three Volumes.

VOLUME I.—AMERICAN CURRENCY.

THE MONEY PROBLEM.....Amasa Walker, LL.D.
THE CURRENCY QUESTION.....Amasa Walker, LL.D.

Cloth, 8vo, Flexible. Price, 50 Cents.

VOLUME II.—BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM.

LORD MACAULAY.....Edward A. Freeman, LL.D.
GEORGE TICKNOR.....Edwin D. Whipple
ERNST CURTIUS.....Robert P. Keep, Ph.D.
PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.....George Lowell Austin.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.....Ray Palmer, D.D.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.....Ray Palmer, D.D.
EDGAR ALLAN POE.....John H. Ingram.
CHARLES TENNYSON.....Andrew J. Symington.
EDWARD A FREEMAN.....Henry Coppée, LL.D.
CHARLES SUMNER.....George F. Magoun, D.D.
JOHN STUART MILL.....Noah Porter, LL.D.
MILL AS A RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHER.....Noah Porter, LL.D.

Cloth, 8vo, 272 Pages, Boards. Price, $1.50.

VOLUME III.—SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS.

THE WORKING CLASSES IN EUROPE.... Thomas Hughes, M.P.
LABOR IN ENGLAND.....Thomas Brassey, M.P.
GRANGERISM.....Dr. Francis Wharton.
THE GRANGE AND THE POTTER LAW.. By a Granger
THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC..... General Franz Sigel.
INDIAN CITIZENSHIP.....Francis A. Walker, Indian Com.
THE CHINESE QUESTION.....Dr. E. D Mansfield, of Ohio.
THE GUARANTEE OF ORDER AND REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT IN THE STATES, } Judge T. M. Cooley.
SOME CHECKS AND BALANCES IN GOVERNMENT, } Judge T. M. Cooley.
THE DIFFICULTIES OF REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE, } Edward A. Freeman, LL.D.

Cloth, 8vo, 184 Pages. Price, $1.

THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1878.[1]

ORGANIZATION.

ON the report of M. Teisserenc de Bort, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, the President of the French Republic, Marshal de MacMahon, decreed, on the 4th of April, 1876, that a great exhibition of agricultural and industrial products would be opened in Paris on the 1st of May, 1878, to be closed on the 31st of October following, and that all foreign nations would be invited to take part in it.

Immediately the project was laid before the Superior Commission for International Exhibitions, who had to decide on two much-discussed points: *First.* Would the exhibition be held inside or outside of Paris? *Second.* Were the buildings to be permanent or temporary?

Certainly there seems to be something abnormal in the fact of erecting vast, and in some instances elegant, rich, and even durable buildings, to pull them down afterwards. One is vexed at the thought of so much spoiled material, such useless expense and barren efforts. In a few months the vast spaces are cleared, and the great undertaking leaves no more trace than a phantasmagoria or a dream.

Is it then impossible to plan a building which might answer the double purpose of a great exhibition first and of some other object afterwards? The answer is, that it is extremely difficult to find another use for such large buildings; it seems as if they could be employed for other great exhibitions only. This conclusion would give great weight to a theory upheld by some distinguished men, and quite recently by the *Revue d'Architecture Française*, according to which these ephemeral palaces are unworthy of powers whose

[1] A portion of this essay appeared in the *International Review* for July-August, 1878.

sovereignty is now uncontested, and, since universal exhibitions have taken a permanent, regular, and indispensable character, they have a right to a permanent palace. This proposition seems fair, yet how many objections can be raised against it! The least would not be *Le Palais de l'Industrie*, which, built for the International Exhibition of 1855, remains useless ten months out of twelve, and only serves to shelter the annual exhibition called *Le Salon*. It must also be taken into account that in these fêtes of progress and novelty the forms of the buildings, their structure and arrangements, are in themselves elements of this kind of attraction. Lastly, it will be impossible to erect a permanent palace so long as this problem is not solved: What shall be its dimensions?

The surface occupied by successive great exhibitions has been, hitherto, steadily increased; and this progression is by no means at an end. *Le Palais de l'Industrie* of 1855, compared to our present exhibition in the Champ de Mars, is literally as a sloop by the side of a man-of-war. At every new trial it is believed that, the summit having been reached, the decline must of necessity follow; but each new experiment is on a larger scale than the last. To speak only of the great exhibitions held in Paris, that of 1855 covered 97,000 square metres, that of 1867 covered 153,000 square metres; the present one, 1878, covers 280,000 square metres.

It appears impossible to settle any thing on such shifting ground.

As to deciding whether the exhibition should be inside or outside of Paris, any uncertainty would only have existed in case the French capital had possessed no space large enough to allow of the vast developments intended for the new exhibition; for the government of the Republic had resolved to surpass 1867, and especially wished to eclipse the works of the Empire at any cost. If such a space could be found in the interior of Paris, why then tax the time and purse of Parisians, provincials, foreigners, of ourselves and our guests, in useless and expensive journeys?

It was proposed to put a glass roof over the immense court formed by a union of the Tuileries with the Louvre; this project was, however, abandoned as insufficient. Then the commission remembered the space occupied by the preceding great exhibition (Champ de Mars, close to the École Militaire and Les Invalides), and thought that a slope rising at one of its extremities, and only separated from it by the Seine, might be annexed to it. This

slope, rising like an amphitheatre, is well known to every one who has visited Paris: it is the Trocadero.

According to this plan, the ground allotted to the exhibition would really consist of two different spaces, separated by the Seine: on one side the Champ de Mars, upon which would be erected the great industrial palace as in 1867; on the other side the heights of the Trocadero, which might be covered with buildings distributed so as to produce the best effect in picturesque perspective; lastly, between the Champ de Mars and the Trocadero there already existed one single way of communication, a hyphen, the Bridge of Jena. But this bridge was too narrow for the crowds of people to pass. Then it must be enlarged.

There was even a proposal to cover it over, and put glass cases inside it, filled with works of art, as in the famous bridge of Florence, which crosses the Arno, and unites the Pitti to the Uffizi.

It is about this bridge that the great battle of criticism has been fought. Certainly, as regards the accommodation of the public, it is inconvenient, since, in order to go from the Trocadero to the Champ de Mars, whatever may be the starting-point or the point to be reached, one is obliged to pass over it. This involves a little fatigue and a slight loss of time; but it may be a cause of complaint rather with workmen than with the crowds of sight-seers who enjoy a ramble about parks and gardens, and are not generally very much attached to straight or precise lines. Every thing considered, these little disadvantages are more than compensated for by the proximity to the Seine and her numerous steamers, which bring and take back the greater part of the crowds from one end of Paris to the other.

The shortcomings of the Exhibition of 1867 were too well remembered and too recent not to awaken a lively preoccupation about securing adequate means of transport, upon which the comfort or discomfort of every visitor is dependent. The powers of imagination recalled the archæological *coucous* and antediluvian *obligeantes*,[1] drawn by lank, worn-out horses, hurriedly requisitioned on twenty leagues of ground around Paris; together with such masses of human beings, shaken, jolted, and bruised, who may, pardonably, have fancied themselves amongst the Alps as they were driven along the streets of our capital, or else may have firmly decided in their minds that, in Paris, carriage-building was but a

[1] Old-fashioned French carriages.

primitive art. Therefore it was decided that a special railway should be made for the service of the exhibition, and the starting-point placed in the very center of Paris—at the *gare du Havre*, close to the Madeleine and the Opera.

DESIGNS AND PLANS.

These preliminaries once settled, the commission made known the conditions upon which competitors were to base their architectural designs for the arrangement of the grounds and the construction of buildings. On the report of M. Viollet-le-Duc, it was decided that the palace of the great exhibition would be erected upon the Champ de Mars, whilst the annexes would be opposite, on the heights of the Trocadero. The exhibition was to assume, not, as in 1867, the elliptic form, but the rectangular; and its internal arrangement would be that of a multiplication-table, so as to contain in one line all products of a kind, and in that running at right angles to it the several exhibiting nationalities, so that in order to visit the exhibition of any nation it would only be necessary to follow the gallery or galleries allotted to that nation, and in order to visit the complete and cosmopolitan exhibit of a given product it would be necessary to cross and follow the gallery or galleries allotted to said product; lastly, in order to find a certain exhibit of a particular nation one would need only to follow the gallery containing objects of this class to the point of crossing, in a perpendicular direction, by the gallery of that nation.

The programme, moreover, stipulated that the construction should be an iron skeleton, filled up with brick, and in the middle of the edifice was to be an open space, destined to become a garden—the necessary oasis, the place of rest and refreshment for visitors tired out by their walks along the endless galleries. For the *travées* of these galleries were to be all alike, no doubt in order to facilitate and hasten the execution of the work by the adoption of one model only.

The programme, however, specified that other and higher galleries would have to be constructed for the machines, and placed towards the central part of the palace.

The commission had chosen the rectangular form in preference to the curvilinear, because, after pulling down the Exhibition of 1867, the iron had to be sold at ridiculously low prices, on account of its curves, which rendered it unfit for further use. No doubt this was

to be taken into consideration; but it might have been foreseen that, so far as the floor arrangement is concerned, the new plan would lack the precious advantage afforded by curves whose radii may be directed towards a center, which affords, for purposes of classification, a unique starting-point of ideal clearness and simplicity. Therefore, if this disposition has been abandoned, the main reason may perhaps be found in the national desire to outdo 1867, and also in the pride of men who, having to preside at a great undertaking, did not choose to be accused of imitation.

The programme thus offered to public competition was perhaps the most complex and difficult to fulfil that had ever been offered to the meditations of engineers and architects. Would it be believed that a delay of only *twenty days* was allowed to the competitors? Surely it seems as if this grave commission had been childishly impatient for the realization of their plans. In spite of this absurdly short notice, ninety-four projects were presented. None of them obtained the requisite number of votes, either for the first or the second prize; consequently none was adopted in full. But twelve were noticed, and amongst these the first six received a premium of 3000 francs, and the other six a premium of 1000 francs.

Each of the twelve projects contained some desirable suggestion, which the commission, prompted by eclecticism, ventured to borrow, and thus constructed a definite plan. Thus the palace of the Champ de Mars belonged to M. Hardy's project, and the palace of the Trocadero to that of MM. Davioud and Bourdais. It is safe to believe that the shortness of the time given for competition by the commission aimed at the result reached. They must have known very well how impossible it was for all competitors to carry out so important a work satisfactorily in the space of twenty days. Did they wish, then, to prolong their powers, which would naturally have been at an end after the selection of a complete plan? If this were their intention, it was an act of disguised tyranny, Imperialism without the title. This accusation has been brought at least against the celebrated architect, reporter of the commission, M. Viollet-le-Duc; and it must be granted that it is credible. Whether premeditated or not, it is to this new but assuredly dangerous form of eclecticism that is due the *ensemble* of the present exhibition.

And now that the works are executed, one may ask what is the use of commissions and programmes. Certainly, it requires a most unusual degree of perspicacity and no small amount of trouble to discover in the present exhibition the realization of the pub-

lished programme. For instance, the machinery, which was to have been stored in the interior galleries of the palace in the Champ de Mars, was afterwards, rightly, thrown out towards the exterior; the central garden has been almost entirely absorbed by the special building devoted to the exhibition of the town of Paris; the Bridge of Jena, which was to be roofed over, has been merely enlarged; the Trocadero, instead of being entirely covered with galleries, contains, besides its park, kiosk, and little buildings, disseminated like those of a cosmopolitan fair, only the *Palais des Fêtes*, with its immense horseshoe galleries, and the marvelous cascade. Lastly, according to a convention between the state and the town of Paris, the Palais du Trocadero, instead of being ephemeral, like an enormous booth, has become a lasting edifice, made of durable material.

The estimates for the total expenses of the exhibition reached approximatively 35,310,000 francs. In consequence of the convention for the Trocadero Palace, the town of Paris consented to pay to the state the sum of 9,488,000 francs. The two sums put together give an approximate total of 45,000,000 francs. There will certainly be other expenses, which it is generally surmised will raise it to about 60,000,000 francs.

All these successive modifications amount to this, that hardly any trace of the conditions laid down for the competition now remains. A moral must be drawn from it, for fear of losing all benefit from this experience, and it is this: that in future, commissioners charged to prepare such programmes ought to leave the greatest amount of liberty to competitors. Rules too precise or too narrow always are an infringement on their liberty, even if they do not fetter their taste, ingenuity, and talent.

OBSTACLES OVERCOME.

The final design having been submitted to the Chambers, the appropriation was voted without opposition, and a decree fixed the amount of credits to be opened at the sum of 35,313,000 francs, according to the estimates. M. J. B. Krantz, the reporter of the commission in the Senate, was elected general commissioner. A better choice was impossible, not only on account of his special knowledge and high character, but because of his experience as director in 1867 of the construction of the Palais du Champ de Mars.

M. Krantz threw all his energy into the work, which was carried on with the perfection of skill, great executive talent, supple-

mented by indomitable perseverance, in the midst of difficulties foreign to those inherent to the enterprise itself. Indeed, as soon as one of the storms which threatened the safety of the ship had spent itself, another black cloud appeared on the horizon. The constant alarms kept up by the Russian war against Turkey were no sooner calmed than the Treaty of San Stefano became a cause of danger to the good understanding between England and Russia.

Moreover, the exhibition was a work entirely republican; it was destined to prove to the world the resources, the vitality, the prosperity, and genius of France under the new government, which, after a disastrous war, had come into existence by the natural *force des choses*, rather than by the choice of the nation. It was like a token of peace offered to neighboring states: the abandonment of bellicose rancor, the dream of a pacific and humane sort of retaliation. Such an enterprise, originated, conducted, and successfully achieved by a contested government would be the setting up of this tottering republic. Nothing more was necessary to make the partisans of dethroned monarchy look upon the work with hostile jealousy; and it required the utmost resolution to carry it out, in spite of the unwearied hostility of vanquished parties. Was the Republic, then, to invite the world to such *fêtes* as had hitherto been, in France, the exclusive privilege of monarchies? What!—in her name the French palaces were to be thrown open, the gala salons made brilliant for the reception of foreign sovereigns and princes! The Republicans were to be the protectors of science, letters, and art! And they could be as elegant and urbane as patricians! This was an irremissible crime in the eyes of a certain fraction of society, which likes to affirm that the Republicans know of no better salons than the *brasseries*, and have only studied politics in drinking *des choppes de bière*. It is received as the best *ton* in France to assume that the Republicans are thirsty souls, who may occasionally wash themselves, but who never on any account condescend to comb or brush their hair. It may easily be surmised how the Conservatives like this argument: it is their last cartridge, and it was going to be taken from them! The Bonapartist newspapers especially did not cease to write about "le bazar de M. Krantz," his grotesque conception, and the immense failure it would prove.

The *coup d'état parlementaire* of Marshal de MacMahon in favor of the Conservative party, the fall of the Republican ministry presided over by M. Jules Simon, and the accession of M. de Brog-

lic, seemed likely to put a stop to every thing. The foreign exhibitors began to be discouraged; interpellations took place in several foreign parliaments to know whether the preparations in view of the Exhibition of 1878 were to be continued. Luckily, the Conservatives had regarded this exhibition very much as if it had been the child of decent parents stolen by gypsies. The child, who had been declared ill-mannered, dirty, and vicious so long as it remained with its kidnappers, recovered its grace, distinction, and virtue the moment it was restored to its lawful family. This is why, on the 25th May, 1877, the Marshal de MacMahon made up his mind to go and visit the works of the exhibition; and M. de Meaux, one of the new ministers, wrote that

"le moment était venu de rassurer les grands intérêts du travail et de la paix contre les intrigues de ceux qui s'efforcent de compromettre l'œuvre de l'Exposition Universelle au profit de leurs passions politiques."

In the midst of so much uncertainty and of such frequent changes M. Krantz went on steadily with his work, unmindful of discouraging rumors: he had faith, and he has achieved success. When in the last days of the year 1877, after a week passed in the alarms and deadly anxiety of an unexampled governmental crisis, the Republicans recovered power, with M. Dufaure as minister, M. Krantz transferred the child from the hands of its benefactors to those of its real mother—the Republic. It had grown and prospered, but was not yet of age. From that time the works were pushed on with incredible activity; for it was not sufficient to offer a magnificent hospitality to foreign nations: the Republic wished to receive them with that peculiar kind of politeness called "la politesse des rois" by a prince who knew something of it—punctuality.

She had invited the world for the 1st of May, and she meant to be ready at the appointed time. In the last fortnight of April so many things remained to be done that this pretension met with almost general incredulity. But at the last moment a sort of rage for work manifested itself: the scaffoldings which obstructed every thing vanished; the grounds became solid, the walks appeared, the trees and shrubs grew as in enchanted gardens. Every thing was painted, gilt, and enameled as if by fairies. In the palace of the Champ de Mars, on the frail structure of iron composed of such thin filaments that it looked rather woven than constructed, the workmen feverishly running about appeared like spiders hastily weaving their gigantic web as for very life. To be sure, every thing was not

ready on the 1st of May, 1877, but at least the external decoration was complete; and from the tribune prepared over the cascade of the Trocadero, the *élite* invited to the inauguration could command the entire panorama of the exhibition, which was opened on the appointed day, with the concourse of an innumerable crowd and really magnificent *éclat*.

Hardly twenty months had elapsed since the Presidential decree, and in the course of so short a time the undertaking had been carried to a successful accomplishment. There was enough in this fact to excite both surprise and admiration; but those who had seen the exhibition a few days before the 1st of May and who saw it again for the inauguration might have fancied that they were the subjects of an hallucination, had it not been for the ground hollowed and broken here and there, for the ruts made by cart-wheels and the rails for wagons, which still remained as unimpeachable witnesses of the human efforts which had been necessary to arrive at this prodigious result.

THE PALAIS DU CHAMPS DE MARS.

On the first of May, the people of Paris awoke in a state of great anxiety: it seemed as if the destinies of the Republic had been in question. From early morning the Parisians had interrogated the sky. "What sort of weather shall we have?" was in everybody's mouth. The atmosphere was heavy, the morning uncertain, with mingled haze and sunshine. The satisfaction of the Conservatives increased with every cloud appearing on the horizon. At one o'clock all seemed lost. At the precise moment when the cortege was leaving the Trocadero an immense black cloud burst upon the assemblage. The people heroically remained for an hour under a deluge of rain accompanied by thunder and lightning; carpets had to be spread out under the feet of the cortege as they crossed the Bridge of Jena. At two o'clock it cleared up, the sun shone, and the immense panorama looked fresh and dazzlingly brilliant, as if newly painted by a magic brush. After a little hesitation, the sky had decided in favor of the Republic.

The inauguration was an admirable spectacle, full of grandeur; and it is now universally confessed that after the undeniable success of the enterprise the French Republic has sent its roots to the very heart of the country, to a depth which defies winds and storms, and that the fragile sapling of some years since is, at last, a tree.

The industrial palace of the Champ de Mars occupies a rect-

angle of 650 meters in length and 350 in breadth. Seen as a bird flies, it is easy to perceive that it is composed of a certain number of galleries in juxtaposition, of different breadths and different heights, all directed lengthwise. In this direction, one remarks two galleries higher and wider than the others, and which form the sides of the rectangle itself. These are reserved for machines The longitudinal galleries are crossed by only four others. These four transept galleries are very broad, and rise above the others to a considerable height: the two which form the small sides of the rectangle are the great vestibules; the two intermediates serve as promenade galleries, and are called *promenoirs*. Just in the middle of the edifice is a long street, or rather a long court, which goes from end to end, and is only broken by the vestibules and *promenoirs*. It has been found necessary to prolong them from one end to the other, in order to secure the communications between the two portions of the divided palace.

It is in this court, with air on every side, that the fine-art building has been placed; and, to guard against fire or some other accident, it has been thought prudent to isolate it completely. This building, or rather these buildings, form the spine of the exhibition. We may prefer the plural number, for this spine is itself broken in the middle (which is the very center of the exhibition), to leave room for what was to be the pleasure-garden, according to the first idea of the architect. But the original programme had been complicated and modified; and one of the most important modifications was due to the resolution taken by the city of Paris to have a special exhibition of its own. This Parisian exhibition has swallowed up all the middle part of the garden, and has left at each extremity only a separated fragment; but the pavilion which contains it, with its ribs of iron so harmoniously united to bricks and tiles and terra-cotta, is charming, with its elegant polychromy and calculated lightness. Paris owed to the world, which blindly follows the tyranny of its fashions, to be represented by this miracle of science and taste.

At each extremity of this pavilion is the bit of garden mentioned above, and on each side is an entrance to one of the two halves into which the fine-art galleries are divided. These entrances are by porches, adorned with cupolas of a detestable taste and ill-assorted composition. The façades and doors underneath the porches, although more tormented in their architecture and richer in their coloring, are in worse taste still. As to the building for the

fine arts, it is a long and commonplace affair, detached on every side from the palace of the Champ de Mars by a street; and it is precisely one of these streets which, according to a lucky inspiration, has become one of the great attractions and principal curiosities of the exhibition under a name henceforth celebrated: *la rue des Nations.*

The idea of showing in a series of façades specimens of the architecture of different countries and different epochs was certainly attractive; but it is to be regretted that several nations should in this circumstance have attempted to outdo reality: the specimens of their genius excite suspicion. Amongst the most remarkable of these constructions, is that of the Netherlands; Portugal has represented the famous cloister of Belem; England, some pavilions of the time of Queen Anne and Queen Elizabeth. The most magnificent and most admired of these improvisations, but not the most faithful, is the superb palace in which Belgium has developed the happy idea of displaying her best and most precious materials. Her gray granite, bricks, red and gray marbles, are associated in a warm and somber harmony. It is said that in this successful fancy-work, she has spent no less than 600,000 francs.

He who knows the power of first impressions ought to penetrate into the exhibition by the *Grand Vestibule d'Honneur*, which looks towards the Seine, because the architect has supposed that it would be the starting-point of visitors, and because the great galleries running all the length of the edifice open from it by triumphal doors. On the left is the gallery containing machinery, then furniture, dressing apparel, the liberal arts, and at last the fine arts: all this side is given to France. On the right, the arrangement is exactly identical: first machinery, then furniture, etc., to end with the fine arts. All this side belongs to foreign nations, so that we have here an extremely simple classification. The exhibition is divided into two symmetrical and equal parts; France occupies one half of it—the left gallery—whilst that on the right has been given up to foreign nations.

From the economical as well as from the practical point of view, these galleries have just the requisite height and breadth, and a sufficient decoration. The gallery for machines is lofty and wide admirably beautiful in its vast length and industrial simplicity The places reserved to other products are more complicated. They are composed of a sort of corridor relatively narrow and low. It is a space entirely free—a street. A marksman at one end might

easily send his rifle-ball into a target placed at the other end. On each side of the corridor open larger and higher galleries, where the taste and fancy of exhibitors are displayed in a thousand different ways. It would be impossible to say what treasures of invention have been spent upon these ephemeral but marvelous arrangements; not unfrequently glass cases being thought unsatisfactory, real saloons have taken their place. Some mouldings in wood, or bands of painted canvas, simulate cornices; above these, plain *velums* or colored blinds have been thrown, and make luminous ceilings, which filter the too violent light of the glass-covered galleries discreetly and agreeably.

Everywhere the questions of hospitality and comfort have been treated by the administrators with international courtesy; they have shown themselves more than merely polite, more than thoughtful; they have tried their utmost to please and to be agreeable to their guests. There is a profusion of chairs, armchairs, and benches, of comfortable and harmonious sofas; in the vestibules, circular seats on a raised platform three steps high exhibit like so many models those tired enough or imprudent enough to seek rest upon them; it is an ethnographic exhibition constantly renewed. Wherever shelters and marquees were necessary or even desirable, they are to be found. Underground galleries supply an abundance of fresh air, and when you have to pass from the French section to the foreign department, it is with the greatest pleasure that you find a little bit of sky above your head, a little green grass under your feet, in the charming and delicious squares at the center of the palace. As the longitudinal galleries would have seemed terribly monotonous if nothing had come across their length, they are divided artfully by the enormous *promenoirs* where some pretty and almost noiseless kinds of manufacture have been stationed, and works of art scattered about. It is such a pleasure to find space and quiet after the confusion and jostling of the galleries!

The vestibules and *promenoirs* are as many splendid halls; the *Vestibule d'Honneur*, of course more richly ornamented, is really grand in its simplicity.

Elegant and supple in the pavilion of the town of Paris, the style of ironwork becomes chaster here, and reaches severity and grandeur. The fact that iron has acquired in art its title of nobility will remain as one of the most surprising results of this exhibition. But what gropings in the dark before the goal was attained,

and how many ugly, illogical, and ridiculous edifices were built during the years of experimental uncertainty!

On the first appearance of this new constructive material, whose properties were so different from those of other materials hitherto employed, architects could not immediately renounce their inveterate habits; they could abandon neither the forms to which they had always been accustomed, nor their ideal of the substantial. It would have been necessary to do what Descartes and some philosophers have done—to unlearn every thing of the past, and to consider one's mind as a slate that has just been wiped.

Excepting the pavilions of the extremities contrived for a transition, we can see in this great vestibule neither columns nor pilasters, no capitals, nor any of the twisted and sharp ornamentation to which iron inclines with such dangerous facility, and which would have looked ridiculous in such an immense structure. There are neither connecting-rods, nor trellised beams, nor iron ropes, nor all that complicated network of industrial armature where the eye sticks fast and struggles painfully amongst so many bars and points. In the present instance, iron has been simply used as an L or a T square; irons so shaped being placed at a certain distance one from the other, and the intervals filled with light materials, such as bricks, plaster, panels of terra-cotta or tiles. It is easy to compose in this manner pilasters, beams, or coffered panels, the iron forming, as it were, simply the line which a draughtsman would have to draw to determine his contours; all the character, the variety, and the richness depending upon the materials inserted.

Such is the great vestibule, formed of simple pilasters, continued without interruption and without capitals by transverse ribs adapting themselves to and preparing the form of the arched roof. These ribs, with the longitudinal beams, make a series of rectangles which, on being filled up with plaster-mouldings, produced a richly coffered ceiling. The simplicity of this kind of construction is wonderful, and the merit of the architect consists, first, in having discovered it, and then in being sufficiently strong-minded to carry it out.

The view of the nave is really fairy-like: in all its length it is only stiffened by a few pilasters marking intervals occupied by vast transepts with gigantic bays in glass. Three cupolas give additional height to the center and the extremities of the nave; and in these cupolas, as everywhere else, we recognize the triumphant will of an architect determined to employ iron according to its constructive

qualities, and to attain the maximum of economy and lightness. With nothing but mere ribs filled up with light materials, it is possible to give to this kind of building both sufficient strength and that grace, lightness, and elegance which are its peculiar beauty.

This nave was of the most imposing grandeur before the introduction of the enormous objects which make us incapable of judging its proportions. Let the reader imagine a gallery in which a giant had got together, as a collection, an Egyptian obelisk, a Roman arch of triumph, and such things, just as an amateur might assemble a few small antiquities in a glass case. Here are exhibited, in structures like triumphal arches, the products of the state art factories, the porcelain of Sévres, the Gobelins and Beauvais tapestries; and here, too, may be seen in monumental cases the magnificent Indian collection belonging to the Prince of Wales. The frame, to be worthy of the picture, needed to be gilt; this was not forgotten here, where every thing shines and glistens.

As to the external façade, it would be imprudent to judge of it by the innumerable illustrations which have made it popular. Engravings fail to convey the impression of grandeur produced by its massive character, as well as the elegant polychrome in which all the refinement of Parisian taste has found full play. These two elements are integral parts of the work, and can not be separated from it without destroying its warm and regal aspect. The architects have shown great tact by having the façade painted of a blue-gray, because it harmonizes well with the glass, which occupies such an immense surface that its tone necessarily commands the local color of the entire building. And the applied ornaments in the pilasters and cornices, whilst generally colored with this prevailing tint, are relieved, nevertheless, with some retouches lively enough for gayety, and yet so sober that there is neither scattering of effect nor glitter.

The straight and relatively simple parts, between the advancing pavilions, are admirably successful, but the pavilions themselves will not please everybody. An exception could be made in favor of the central one, whose restless forms are at least light, and awake interest by their strangeness; but those at the extremities are ungraceful, and an absolute failure. Nothing could be more ugly, vulgar, and pretentious than the dead wall which reaches the height where the cupola rises out of it; nothing more illogical than to see the thin ribs of these flimsy domes crown such a heavy mass; and nothing more contemptible than the small cupolas which stand in

attendance on the big ones. As a completion of evils, the heavy basement, whose awkwardness might have been overlooked had it been painted in the prevailing tone, is particularly brought under notice by the help of the most glaring yellow. It is impossible not to be struck by a defect which seems so insolently proud of itself. This is a remarkable example of the really incredible faults which men of taste may commit when taste forsakes them.

After surveying the *ensemble* of the Palais du Champ de Mars, one might say that this kind of architecture is wanting in originality, if not in structure at least in its forms, and to be Oriental in its general aspect, in its insertions of mosaics and tiles, in its elevation of cupolas or squinches. Without denying the truth of the accusation, we think there are extenuating circumstances in the case. This Oriental architecture has always been traditionally chosen for public fêtes, and the general aspect of a universal exhibition, with its cafés, bazaars, restaurants, and annexes, is obviously that of a fair, also a kind of popular fête. Lastly, this kind of architecture adapts itself marvelously well to the intrinsic qualities of iron—to its stiffness and to its flexibility.

THE PALACE OF THE TROCADERO.

As for the Palace of the Trocadero, it can only be considered as a sort of large theatrical scene, intended to inclose harmoniously this cosmopolitan fête. The *mise en scène* is a success. It has frequently been asked to what style this architecture belonged? It is a new one—the international style—in which the Byzantine, Romanesque, and Florentine are mixed in an agreeable manner. The form of these constructions, taken as a whole, is that of an immense horse-shoe, turned towards the Champ de Mars, and holding forth its great arms as if to embrace the second half of this double project. A public hall, spacious enough to contain six thousand peoples occupies the center, where its rotunda projects like an enormous body. On each side there is a lecture-hall.

The wings arranged as porticoes serve for shelter and promenades; they widen at their extremities and finish in an elegant pavilion. Behind the colonnade they contain long and naturally curvilinear rooms, lighted by glass roofs. These rooms contain the retrospective exhibition, which is expected to prove a great success.

When close to it, the rotunda of the great public hall seems

greatly swelled; seen a little further off the prominence is somewhat flattened, but the disappearance of this defect only serves to show another. I wonder why the colonnades of the great horseshoe aisles should not be as high as the aisles themselves. From the Champ de Mars the columns lose all proportions and produce the effect of skittles. The Etruscan red tint, behind the colonnade, is well devised to give prominence to the columns, and successfully detaches them from the wall to which they seemed to adhere formerly when seen at a distance; but, on the other hand, this stratagem is perhaps responsible for an appearance of meagerness in the columns as they stand out against the background. All the structure is in alternate courses of white and reddish stone, the friezes ornamented with mosaics; and this polychromy, always in its proper place and used with taste and moderation, produces a charming effect, and gives a look of gayety to the monument. After all, the daring idea of dividing the exhibition by the Seine has proved a happy one from a picturesque and decorative point of view. The two palaces of the Trocadero and Champ de Mars are separated by two parks, or rather by a park situated on both sides of the river; the garden forms a sort of immense walk in the axis of the two buildings, and enables one to enjoy all the different perspectives. On the right and on the left the grounds are picturesquely laid out: bowers grow, flowers blossom, rocks rise up and water filters through them and falls at last into vast basins.

Whether in the Trocadero galleries, or on the terrace of the Champ de Mars, the sight is splendid, although somewhat spoiled and vulgarized by the immense fair which spreads itself there. But, on the Bridge of Jena, the eye only rests upon magnificent spectacles. It is on this bridge, chosen by the architects with wonderful tact as the center of a perspective circumference, that the impression received is the most vivid and noble, because the numerous aspects of this complex composition appear so harmoniously blended together.

Before us rises the Trocadero, with its sloping gardens and the cascade, which, after a fall of thirty-three feet, descends to its basin by a giant's staircase; the whole crowned by the palace, whose arms approach you with I know not what inviting grace. Their half circle, which is completed by the imagination of the spectator, incloses a scene which, without them, would seem scattered and wanting in unity. Seen from the garden, even the famous towers, three hundred feet high, which criticism has treated so unkindly,

find indulgence from the contented spectator. Many other things might make him forget that he is in France; but in these towers he will recognize the French tendency to excess, in word or deed, and an expression of national pride in the festival offered to the world.

Behind us are the park and the palace of the Champ de Mars; on the right and on the left the Seine, with the perspective of its quays lined with public buildings; whilst below, under our feet, tremble the reflections of this ephemeral and brilliant fête in the ripples of the great river, which seems to carry them out to sea.

It would be difficult to assign limits to the extension of universal exhibitions, but I think it would be a folly to go further. I even hope that exhibitions come within the general law of evolution, which does not allow the things of this world to remain stationary, and orders that they shall decrease when they cease to augment.

VIENNA AND THE CENTENNIAL.[1]

BY JAMES MORGAN HART.

WAS the Exhibition at Vienna a failure? To answer the question fairly, it will be necessary to recall its prominent features, and to evoke, so far as may be possible at this late day, their contrasting lights and shadows.

The Exhibition was opened on the first day of May, 1873. As those present will remember, it was a dreary day in every respect. The morning ushered itself in cold and lowering. The pervading simplicity of the ceremonies was oppressive. The air was not enlivened with strains of martial music, there were no long lines of soldiers giving color and impressiveness to the avenues of approach. Nothing but the unwonted crowds in the streets of the Leopoldstadt and around the Praterstern, and the interminable single file of carriages creeping at a snail's pace along the main drive of the Prater toward the southern portal, betokened the proximity of the great event that was to proclaim New Austria the peer, in hopeful enterprise and self-improvement, of her elder sisters, England and France. The chill of the atmosphere was the reminder of winter, rather than the harbinger of summer, and the driving mist was fast degenerating into dismal, unmistakable rain. The Emperor and his suite entered the Rotunda at the appointed hour of noon, with commendable punctuality. A signal gun, fired outside, gave notice of the entry, but the accompanying peal from the imperial band was lost to the spectators seated within. The multitude, at least twenty thousand in number but not filling the vast area under the towering dome, rose to greet the cortège as it moved slowly through the center to take its place on the far side opposite the main portal. The speeches delivered on the occasion were notable for their brevity; no one exceeded five minutes.

[1] From the *International Review*, January, 1875.

This first part of the ceremony was over in less than half an hour. In one respect alone could it be called inspiring: in its music. The singing was superb. The two Vienna Glee Clubs, the Academy of Vocal Music, and the University Glee Club, together many hundreds of voices, supported by Strauss's band and the orchestra of the Imperial Opera, delivered the simple strains of the Austrian national hymn and of Händel's March with wonderful sweetness and strength. Singers and instrumentalists being so remote as to present but a confused mass, their movements did not distract the eye, while the notes, rising to the vault and there commingling into one, descended like the silver-tongued greeting from an invisible choir hovering in mid-air.

The Exhibition was not really opened, that is in readiness for the tourist, until the middle of June. Even for a month longer the labor of putting on the finishing touches continued. The bloom of the enterprise lasted exactly three months, from the middle of July to the middle of October. During that period the visitor could give himself up to undisturbed enjoyment. The chilling showers of May (it rained twenty-five days in the month) had spent themselves, the fiery heat of the early summer had abated; the empty cars and boxes and other unsightly débris of unpacking had been removed, the gravel-walks were well beaten down, the newly laid turf was hardy and green, the parterres put forth their sweet array of living colors, the fountains in front of the Rotunda threw aloft their glittering spray, the swans seemed quite at home in the massive granite basins. Then it was a pleasure to ramble through the grounds in the cool of the evening, to wander slowly past the palm-house, to loiter in front of the Japanese garden, so attractive with its quaint bronze dragons and its dainty wood-work, to cast a glance at the gaudy Moorish villa, bespangled with motley glass from plinth to roof, to enter the Turkish café, where the broad veranda and cushioned sofaleks invited to repose, and nimble red-slippered Greeks from Constantinople dispensed mocha, or passed the fragrant chibouk, while the strains of Thousand and One Nights floated over from the Mozart Place, and the doves whirred through the air on their way to their cotes by the Khedive's palace.

To one who had seen the grounds a twelve-month before, say in September, 1872, when the then future buildings were only a puzzling maze of foundation-wall, when the Rotunda wore the look of a prematurely ruined Coliseum, and the grounds themselves presented to the eye nothing but an ill shapen stretch of puddle and scraggy hil-

lock covered with weed and swamp-bush, the transformation was hardly less marvelous than the story of Aladdin's lamp. The words of the Scripture had been fulfilled, the desert had been made to blossom as the rose. Yet how much of human toil and perseverance had gone to the accomplishment of the result. Day by day, even night by night, thousands upon thousands of men, and women too, had dug and hammered, had staggered under heavy burdens. Providence had been propitious. The winter of 1872-3 was a memorable one in the annals of European climatology. Not for a single night was the ground hardened by frost against the use of pick and shovel, not a single heavy fall of snow came to block the long line of railway from Belgium and North Germany and interfere with the transportation of iron plates and pillars for the Rotunda, there was no ice to choke up the tortuous channels of the Danube and cause the annual overflow of the Upper Prater. Man and the elements worked for once together. As the first of May drew near, the agony of preparation rose to fever-heat. During the week preceding the first, it was almost impossible to thread one's way through the jostling multitudes of laborers. The last load of gravel was not raked down in front of the Rotunda, the last row of sod was not laid, until the afternoon of the thirtieth of April. On that night the scaffolding in front of the southern and western portals was torn down, the flooring finished, and the chairs arranged in the Rotunda. All night long until daybreak could be heard the shrill whistle of the trains removing empty boxes and loose timber, that the Emperor and his suite might at least have unimpeded access. The number of persons of both sexes and all grades at work in the enclosure on the thirtieth of April could not have fallen short of fifteen thousand.

The consequences of this unnatural exertion, this frantic haste, were to manifest themselves in more ways than one. It is not in human nature to endure such pressure without reacting. The first sign of the failing energy of the Austrian General Direction was the delay in putting the Machinery Hall in good running order. The feed pipes connecting the driving engines with the detached boiler-houses outside were flimsy and broke repeatedly, while the leakage of steam was at one time constant. Then the Agricultural Department displayed the most glaring incompetency in its trials of field-machinery. The members of the committee appeared to have no ideas whatever as to the proper way of holding a competitive trial. In the language of the "New Free Press," the one held at Leopoldsdorf in the early part of July was a downright farce.

The organization of the international juries on prizes was tardy and slovenly. Jurymen who should have entered upon their duties in May were not appointed until the end of June. The examinations made by the jurymen were, in a majority of cases, hurried and superficial. What else could have been expected? The objects on exhibition were so numerous, the distances between articles belonging to the same group but displayed by different countries were so great, the working time was so short,—practically less than six weeks,—that one must wonder at the fewness rather than the multitude of blunders in the prize-list. As for such a thing as the scrupulous comparative examination of competing articles, it is safe to say that there was none. It has been stated, for instance, that the jury on drugs and chemicals did not analyze the contents of a single bottle in the American collection. The juries based their verdicts upon the local or the general reputation of the exhibitor, and sought to protect themselves against the charge of injustice by scattering their awards in reckless profusion. The total number of articles exhibited was over 60,000; of awards, over 20,000. The prize-list was not completed and printed until the morning of August 18th, the day on which the ceremony of presentation took place in the Riding School of the Castle. This ceremony—a more appropriate term would be "affair" —was piteously tame. The Emperor himself being absent on his customary summer jaunt, his place was taken by one of the archdukes. Baron Schwarz-Senborn read off the list of diplomas of honor, the archduke merely stood and listened with an air of resigned impatience. A few musicians from one of Strauss's bands, seated in a corner of the upper gallery, made from time to time a feeble effort to give life to the proceedings. The number of those present, all told, did not exceed three thousand, and the time occupied was forty minutes. The general tone was apathy, not to say heartlessness. But, cold and dispiriting as the eighteenth of August seemed at the time, it was to be outdone by the second of November, the closing day. Six months before, the great Exhibition had been opened with at least a touch of enthusiasm and pomp; it was closed with no more ceremony than if it had been the tawdriest of country shows. There were no valedictory exercises; the multitudes thronged in to the number of 140,000, seeing little, but raising clouds of dust, and roamed aimless and planless through the buildings and over the grounds; at five o'clock the hoarse fog-whistle screeched its dismal note of warning, the two bands struck up the quickstep and marched out at the head of the crowd, the police drew their cordon closer and

closer, until the last straggler had been intercepted and turned back to the gates, and the great show was abandoned to the packers, and —if subsequent oral reports are to be trusted—to Hamlet's "pickers and stealers."

It was a cheerless end for a glorious beginning. Once again was taught the futility of undertaking too much. As a mere exhibition, that is to say, a collection of things useful and beautiful, the one at Vienna surpassed its predecessors in magnitude and in variety. It was in truth a microcosm. No pencil will ever succeed in depicting its beauties, no tongue will give more than a feeble echo of its wonders. Those only who visited it faithfully and systematically day by day for months, keeping their eyes and their hearts conscientiously open to novel impressions, can appreciate the suggestiveness of the latest and the greatest world's-fair. In all probability, mankind will not look upon the like of it again; there will not be another such meeting of the East and the West. Even the visitor who was content to take things as he found them, merely using his senses and keeping his mind free from prejudice, although he might not carry away with him a very clear and definite idea of any one object or set of objects, felt nevertheless his mental horizon extended immeasurably. It was as if he had made the tour of the world in the course of a morning's promenade, had seen a bit of every thing, Japanese idols and American artificial teeth, the richest Turkish and Persian carpets, Russian sables, delicate Belgian laces, and Krupp's grim cannon, sparkling Bohemian glass, Sèvres and Staffordshire porcelain, —as if he had roamed over the Spice Islands or sailed up the Nile, had explored the Elephanta caves of India or the gold-fields of Australia, had chased butterflies and beetles in the forests of Brazil or speared salmon on the banks of the Oby. There was something akin to inspiration in the thought of being able to take in at a glance, as it were, all the kingdoms of the world, their fruits, their woods, many of their flowers even, their grain, their metals, their costumes, their industrial products; of actually seeing with the eye of the flesh an epitome of the wealth of the nations. Yet the tour of the Vienna Exhibition was anything but *dolce far niente;* it was hard work, a tax upon one's powers of locomotion and perception, upon the memory and the judgment. The tourist was ever stumbling upon things strange and wholly unexpected, things that he was unable to gauge by the petty measuring-rod of his previous experience. One object overwhelmed him with its colossal proportions, another puzzled him with its costliness and rarity, a third fascinated him with its artistic

beauty. However strong might be his will, however fixed his purpose of special study, he was at times completely under the domination of the external world; he had to flutter like the butterfly from flower to flower. At all events, he could derive consolation from the consideration of one circumstance: whichever way he might turn his steps, he was certain of making a discovery. It has been said that to know and to love Madame Récamier was equivalent to a liberal education. Not less true is it that the generous, unconditional surrender of self to the teachings of art and science at Vienna was a curriculum transcending that of college or university. None but the hopeless dullard or the inveterate Philistine could behold such masterpieces of painting, such wealth of delicate workmanship in cloisonné, bronze, and porcelain, such array of silks and laces, such marvelous adaptation of science to the practical needs of mankind, without perceiving sooner or latter that his views had been expanded, his sympathies quickened; that he had not only sown in his breast the seed of future culture, but had become possessed of a convenient standard of his own by which to measure the relative value of all things material.

As an Exhibition in the strict sense of the term, then, the Vienna Fair surpassed the expectations of its most sanguine promoters. On the other hand, as an enterprise involving heavy outlay and aiming at practical results, it was a deplorable failure. There can be no doubt on the point. As an effort toward the greater glorification of Austria, the Wiener Ausstellung were better never to have been. To make this perfectly clear, it will be needful to recapitulate the political and financial history of Austria for the past seven or eight years. The war of 1866, apparently a crushing defeat for Austria, was in reality her salvation. Although losing Venice and the hegemony in Germany, she gained in concentration of capital and resources, and—a far greater gain—was compelled to emancipate herself from the political shackles that had made her name a word of reproach throughout Europe. Hungary was reinstated in her autonomy, the burdens that had weighed so long upon trade and the acquisition of real estate were lightened one by one, the press was set at liberty, political exiles returned from banishment, liberal, progressive ideas rolled in upon the country in a mighty flood. Austria was undergoing the process of regeneration. Capital, that had long lain hidden away in corners, awoke at the touch of the wand of confidence and hastened to make up lost time. Every body was jubilant over the new era. The Vienna Stock Exchange, already predisposed to speculation, became

simply delirious. New banks, new railroads, new manufacturing companies were organized, new branches of industry started, public improvements—such as the Semmering Aqueduct and the Danube Regulation Canal—projected with a facility that threw into the shade the wildest extravagance of our own petroleum-fever. For the purposes of the present article, it will suffice to single out one of the many causes that produced the financial "crash" of 1873, not only because it was the feature most characteristic of the times, but because it bore directly upon the Exhibition.

The demolition of the old fortifications that surrounded the inner city of Vienna was begun in 1858. The object of this measure was to relieve the pressure upon the habitable area of the capital by furnishing ground upon which to erect dwelling-houses. At first the work progressed slowly, the building kept pace with the growth of the population. But, stimulated by the dangerous example set in Paris by Baron Haussmann, the spirit of speculation seized upon the new field of operations and vindicated it for its own. Building banks, building associations, crédit-fonciers, were soon the order of the day. Vienna was to be beautified and made the worthy rival of Paris. All the available ground was bought up at enhanced prices, old houses were torn down to make room for commercial palaces and sumptuous hotels. From Vienna the infection spread to Pesth and the other towns of the empire, to Berlin, Dresden, and throughout North Germany, until the entire region of Central Europe, from the Alps to the Baltic, was in the hands of the "builders." It would be no exaggeration to say that in February, 1873, only three months before the "crash," the new buildings either just completed or rapidly approaching completion in Vienna alone were to be measured by the acre.

It was during this hot-house period that the idea of the Exhibition was broached. New Austria was to show to the world how great she had grown through her recently won freedom; the older capitals, London and Paris, were to be made to see what a formidable rival they had in the metamorphosed residence of the Hapsburgs. The Franco-German war caused serious delay, and even threatened to put an end to the enterprise. But in July, 1871, the Austrian Parliament voted 6,000,000 florins ($3,000,000), in aid of the 3,000,000 previously guaranteed by the Trades Union of Vienna. This sum was so manifestly inadequate, that in September, 1872, an additional appropriation was made of 6,000,000 florins. From that time the work of construction was pushed with vigor. Indeed it was evident that nothing but the most desperate energy would succeed in carry-

ing out the programme by the appointed time. The Director-in-Chief, Baron Schwarz-Senborn, was invested with almost autocratic powers; laborers were imported by the hundred from Hungary and Italy, the government lent the services of the sappers and miners of the Vienna garrison. But notwithstanding its energy and its lavish outlay of money, the General Direction would have broken down, had it not been aided by the unexpected mildness of the weather. A winter like that of 1870–1 would have necessitated the postponement of the Exhibition until 1874.

Meanwhile the building mania was running its course in the city. In 1871 the Grand Hotel was opened. It contained 300 rooms. In 1872 and 1873 were opened the following: Austria (150), Donau (280 rooms and 45 parlors), Britannia (150 and 40), Metropole (400 and 25), Union, Wimberger, (200), Imperial, (150), Hotel de France. Furthermore, the Golden Lamb and Tauber were remodeled, and their capacity more than doubled. To these new hotels, all of the first class and elegantly furnished, must be added a score of new *hotels garnis*, and new lodging-houses, cafés, and restaurants by the hundred. For a city already well supplied this sudden expansion was something unprecedented.

In less than a fortnight after the opening of the Exhibition came the "crash." This monetary panic, long expected by the more knowing financiers, shook the Vienna Stock Exchange with a fury unparalleled since the days of the South Sea Bubble. On Friday, the ninth of May, the "Black Friday" of the Schotten Ring, one hundred and ten failures were read off at the Board. The Bourse was formally closed, settlements were adjourned until the fifteenth. On that day, one hundred and fifteen fresh victims were buried. Stolid despair seemed to have settled upon every one, business was at a standstill, "fancy" stocks were blotted out of existence, among them most of the building banks and building associations, and even the best stocks, the National Bank alone excepted, dropped thirty and fifty per cent. By the sixteenth of June, the depreciation of values, estimated by price quotations, had reached the enormous figure of $300,000,000. Even this computation takes no account of stocks not quoted, or of commercial failures and protested notes and drafts. Vienna, that had deluded herself into the expectation of competing with London and Paris, was crippled for years to come. At first a bourse-panic, the "crash" developed into a lingering commercial crisis of the most malignant sort. Commerce and industry lay prostrate for months.

As a matter of course the "crash" threw a cloud over the Exhibition. Not that there was any direct or necessary connection between the two events; the crisis would have come in any case. But coming when and as it did, it spoiled the Exhibition for the Viennese. They lost all interest in the enterprise, and made no effort to entertain the guests whom they had been at such pains to invite. Furthermore, those Vienna exhibitors who had accumulated a heavy stock of goods, in the expectation of selling them to visitors, were disappointed. The strangers did not buy. Even such articles as toilet-furniture and Russian-leather ware, for which Vienna is justly celebrated, found but a feeble demand. The Japanese and Persians sold almost if not quite every thing that they had brought over, the Italians and French had tolerable success in disposing of their jewelry and bronzes, the English did well with their porcelain. But the Viennese discovered that nearly their entire stock was left on their hands at a time when the home-market was in its most unsettled condition. In fact, the Orientals were the only exhibitors that did what might be called a good business. From all other quarters one heard the complaint that nobody seemed willing to buy, or seemed to have money.

It would be difficult to account fully for this lukewarmness. Two causes have been suggested. First, that the visitors at Vienna were not of the buying class. Every shopkeeper on the Continent will admit that his best customers are the English and Americans, and after them—but at a great distance—the Russians. These last did not come to Vienna in numbers. What would have been to them the chief attraction, namely, the Czar's visit, occurred at too early a stage of the Exhibition, during the first week in June. As to the English and Americans, they were sparely and poorly represented. The wealthy, dashing families, that set the tone in Paris, Naples, Florence, Rome, and Geneva, held aloof from Vienna. Whether they were afraid of the cholera, whether they thought the Exhibition a failure, whether they found better use for their time elsewhere, may remain an open question. There is no disguising the fact that American and English tourists move over the Continent in herds, and are not to be induced to deviate much from a beaten track. Paris, the Rhine, Switzerland, the western side of Italy as far as Naples, with a flank diversion to Venice, make up their itinerary. Those who venture at all into Germany, content themselves with Munich and Dresden. Austria is to them an unknown land, Vienna an *ultima Thule*, whither it is not quite safe to take one's wife and children.

What could be expected of the fresh importations, when the half-domesticated showed themselves indifferent? Dresden is only twelve hours by rail from Vienna, yet of the hundreds of English and American families living there, not more than ten or a dozen deemed it worth their while to make the trip. In the next place, Exhibition prices were high. The Viennese in particular committed the fatal blunder of killing the goose before she had even begun to lay her golden eggs. The fact was patent to any one who chose to make inquiry, that articles of Austrian manufacture could be obtained at much more reasonable rates in the city than in the Prater. Experienced travelers also observed that the prices for French, English, and Italian articles were in general twenty per cent higher than in Paris, London, or Florence. Exhibitors who had gone to considerable expense for transportation, space, show-cases, and attendance, thought it necessary to cover themselves by advancing prices. Buyers, on the other hand, decided to wait until they had reached the respective countries in the routine of travel.

It is highly desirable that some careful and competent observer of the last two decades should write the history of national and international exhibitions. We might be enabled thereby to ascertain whether these gatherings of men and goods, in appearance so confused, so chaotic, are not in reality governed by certain laws of their own; whether success is not dependent upon the observance of certain conditions that we have hitherto failed to perceive clearly. Each international exhibition has been larger than its predecessors, and has been called forth by the spirit of rivalry. The inhabitants of each European capital in turn seem to have said to themselves: So much has been done already, can we not go beyond it? Vienna thought to eclipse London and Paris; Berlin, perhaps even St. Petersburg, thinks to eclipse Vienna. But in the absence of general inductions, based upon carefully prepared statistics and elucidated by one who has made the subject a special study, we are unable to lay down any theory of exhibitions. We feel by instinct that certain relations of cause and effect must exist, but we cannot demonstrate them scientifically, much less avail ourselves of them for guidance in the future.

Two points, however, could not fail to strike even the most superficial observer at Vienna. The one was that Europe in general was growing weary of great fairs; the other, that a world-exhibition can be held to advantage only in a world-center.

Divested of its beautiful adornments, there remains the naked fact that an international exhibition is after all only a business undertak-

ing, a mode of advertisement. Exhibitors send their wares, not to make a fine show merely, but to pave the way for future orders, to open new markets. During his first stroll through the Prater, for instance, the tourist was tempted to regard the grounds and buildings, with their myriad contents, as a summer fairy scene devised for his especial delectation. But on looking more closely, he could detect the cloven foot of business peeping out every where. All those charming silks, and statues, and diamonds were there for sale; the polite custodians, so ready with their information, were there to sell them; around the neck of an elegant bronze hung perhaps a card bearing the announcement: Sold to his Highness, the Duke of Chambord; the very parterres took pains to inform him that they had been laid out by Swoboda & Sons, of Vienna. For all its magnitude and variety, the Vienna Exhibition was not an art-collection, but a business-show, an effort to make money in one way or another. A deal of rubbish has been said about "international education," sentimentalists of the Mühlbach order have been profuse in their laudations of the "friendly concourse of peoples," but the careful student of such exhibitions is constrained to admit that the alpha and omega of them is business, pure and simple. Not one in a hundred of the many thousand exhibitors at Vienna (except of course the amateurs that sent their marvels of embroidery and needlework), would have taken the first step, had he not believed that it would lead ultimately to his own pecuniary profit. This view may seem at first low and materialistic, but it is certainly much less apt to misguide than its opposite. To the exhibitor the case presents itself as a problem. Given so much expense, so much trouble and loss of time, so much opportunity of coming before the public, will the undertaking pay me? Are there not other, more regular and less expensive ways of effecting the same object? This problem was discussed very actively at Vienna, and the temper of the discussion furnished grounds for believing that many of the more experienced exhibitors, the large firms in England and France, who have tried the experiment more than once, are prepared to discontinue it. The facilities for advertisement, for transportation, for establishing local agencies, are increasing so rapidly, the tendency of legislation in Europe is so evidently in favor of free trade, that business men find little difficulty in introducing their goods into any market. International trade has ceased to be a matter of politics and become a mere matter of capital and energy. It is undoubtedly true that the earlier exhibitions in London and in Paris operated directly and

powerfully in disposing the minds of rulers and peoples in favor of free trade. But now that the conversion has been effected, the end reached, the question arises, whether it is desirable to retain the means. Viewed in this connection, the Vienna Exhibition, in itself a failure, may yet eventuate in gain; its palpable teachings will be an efficient auxiliary to the arguments of the reformers who seek to abolish the existing remains of a protective tariff and to incorporate Austria in the German Zollverein.

The two exhibitions at London yielded a profit; the Paris exposition of 1867 showed a slight deficit. At Vienna the deficit has been estimated as high as $6,000,000. The cause was two-fold; the expenses* were greater, the receipts from gate-money less. In attempting to account for the marked difference in the number of paying visitors at Paris and at Vienna (10,000,000 as opposed to 5,000,000), we may liken a great fair to a great railroad; both are supported by the local traffic. The population of Vienna is not quite one million, that of Paris is nearly two millions, that of London, over three. Furthermore, both London and Paris, especially the former, are surrounded by a network of towns and cities that serve as feeders to the metropolis. The population within easy reach of any point in London, allowing five hours as the maximum time for going and coming, may be set down with safety at 10,000,000. The supply upon which Paris draws is much smaller, yet Paris is in every respect infinitely superior to Vienna. There is not a city, scarcely a town of importance, within four hours' ride of Vienna by express train. The exhibition, consequently, was dependent either upon foreign tourists or upon the capital and its immediate suburbs. During the month of May, while the exhibition was still incomplete, the daily average of paying visitors was 8,000, in June and July the number was 25,000, in August 27,000, in September and October, 35,000. The principal days were Whit Monday, June 2 (85,000, including holders of free tickets), August 22, the Emperor's fête (106,000), and the closing day, November 2, (140,000). What Vienna did on these three occasions, London could have done every week, if properly stimulated. For the total attendance at the Sydenham exhibition of 1862, which was not one-fourth as large or as attractive as the great Ausstellung of 1873, amounted to 6,000,000. Finally, the foreign tourists did not present themselves at Vienna in such numbers as had been expected. Although Vienna is a beautiful city, the handsomest after Paris in cisalpine Europe, its permanent attractions were found to be quite

* The total outlay did not fall much short of $10,000,000.

insignificant by the side of London or Paris. It was not difficult for the experienced traveler to exhaust the resources of amusement in the Austrian capital in three or four days. As in examining into the motives that actuate exhibitors in sending their goods, so in endeavoring to ascertain what attracts visitors, we should first rid our minds of sentimentalism, we should recognize the truth that ninty-nine out of every hundred go simply to see, to gratify idle and harmless curiosity. The idea of self-instruction does not occur to the ordinary visitor; he is instructed, but the operation goes on without his consciousness. The tourist visits those cities where he can see the most, can be best amused, and can be most comfortable. These two items of comfort and amusement play a more important part in shaping a tourist's programme than we are apt to imagine. After the work, the business of sight-seeing is over,—and it matters little whether that sight-seeing be done in museums and picture galleries and old churches, or in an exhibition of the products of international industry, —the tourist feels that his conscience is satisfied and that he is at liberty to look around him for amusement. Herein is the secret of the charm that Paris wears for her devotees; she amuses them. Her monuments of art and history are immense, but her resources of amusement are inexhaustible; so the traveler is content to linger for weeks and months, knowing that she has something for his every day and his every mood. The same may be said, with certain restrictions, of London. These are cities that no man can exhaust; but Vienna can be "done" in forty-eight hours. Tourists are aware of this; and as Vienna lies a good distance off the approved route, they are not disposed to direct their steps thither. Every tourist expects to visit Paris and London as a matter of course, and if there is the additional attraction of a world's fair, so much the better; but comparatively few were willing, in 1873, to go far out of their way to see Vienna. Then there was an almost universal dread of being subjected to discomfort and annoyance. Exaggerated reports of high prices and scarcity of lodgings had been spread over Europe, until the word Vienna Exhibition became almost a bugbear. The truth was that during the first three months lodgings were at a discount rather than a premium; there was more than room for those who chose to come, and the prices that had been raised at the beginning of May to the highest point dropped to meet the limited demand. But this was reversed during the last two months, September and October. Every hotel of the first and second class was full; tourists who came late in the day, and without securing rooms beforehand, incurred the risk of

driving around for several hours in quest of a shelter for the night, August prices were trebled. Germans, Hungarians, English, and Americans, who had been holding back all summer for cheap prices, now rushed pell-mell to be in at the death; like the Sibylline books, the Exhibition grew more precious the more it was wasted away. Yet although the number of visitors even then was not sufficient to make good the deficiencies of May and June, the city, as a place of transient abode for strangers, was decidedly uncomfortable. Not only were rooms scarce and very high-priced, but it was difficult to obtain good meals. Those familiar with the ins and outs of the city fared perhaps well enough, but the ordinary tourist, dependent on his Murray or his Baedeker, was forced to take what he could find, and be thankful to get any thing. The restaurants in and near the Exhibition grounds were overcrowded, so that proprietors became indifferent, waiters impertinent, and the cooks careless. The Vienna *cuisine*, although superior to that of North Germany, did not satisfy those used to the Parisian. The coffee and the bread were faultless, but meats and vegetables, entrées and desserts, were prepared after a fashion that was neither French nor English, but Viennese, and the guest had not time to accustom himself to them. The hotel attendance also was unsatisfactory. The directors did all in their power, perhaps, to procure waiters experienced in waiting upon polyglot tourists; but hotel-keeping, like every other business, is not mastered in a hurry: the almost faultless system of *service* that rejoices the traveler's heart in Paris and Switzerland is not the work of a day, but has grown up slowly, year by year, for over a century. Vienna had done all that any city suddenly springing into prominence can do. It had built and furnished an extraordinary number of elegant hotels and *hotels garnis;* it could not change its own character overnight. It had invited the world to come, had mourned and lamented that the world should be so chary of accepting the invitation; but when the guests did come in anything like numbers, Vienna discerned, to her own amazement and their annoyance, that she could not lodge them cheaply and comfortably, could not set table for them, could not amuse them. The tourist found that he was spending more and getting less than in Paris. The dissatisfaction was mutual. Whatever the Ausstellung may have failed to accomplish, it certainly demonstrated this much: that not even a capital numbering a million of inhabitants, the residence of the oldest reigning dynasty in Europe, beautified with a lavish hand and given up to pleasure and easy living, can make a mammoth international exhibition succeed. No

sooner did the influx of tourists approximate to the high tide that had been confidently expected, than the city became uncomfortable. Had that tide come in May and lasted until November, the city would have been deluged. It is only the great oceans, London and Paris, that can transmit the tidal waves of population without a surge on their broad bosoms. But it is now time to turn abruptly from the Old World to the New.

Some distance back from the western bank of the Schuylkill, and one hundred and twenty feet above its level, stretches the broad Lansdowne Plateau, a portion of the recently opened public park of the city of Philadelphia. The visitor whom chance or curiosity might have led thither on any pleasant day in October last, could not avoid being impressed with the massive outer walls of the first story of a large and well proportioned building in process of erection on the highest point of the plateau, the so called "terrace." Almost at the foot of this first building was also to be seen a tangled network of trenches and masonry, the foundations of a second and much larger structure, just emerging from the ground. The visitor had before him the Memorial Hall and the Main Pavilion of the Centennial in their embryonic state. Would it be possible to cast a prophetic glance into the future of the enterprise thus started? We can not make the attempt until we have first collected the facts of the present and compared them with the lessons of the past.

In the first place, Lansdowne Plateau, as a mere building-site, is superior to the Prater of Vienna. The outlook is fine, and the soil, consisting of clay and loam, does not differ much from that of the ordinary house-lot in the city; drainage, it might be said, comes of itself, the plateau sloping down on all sides but one. The soil of the Prater, on the contrary, is in many places moist, almost swampy, and in most places loose and unstable. The foundations for all the heavier buildings had to be obtained by the tedious and costly process of pile-driving. The Prater, moreover, has no natural drainage, the general elevation of the ground being but 2 ft. 6 in. above high-water mark in the Danube Canal, the only available outlet. The Austrian General Direction were consequently forced to lay the drainage-pipes at a level intermediate between that of high-water and low-water in the canal, and to construct an expensive system of stop-valves and pumping-engines, to be used in the emergency of a summer freshet in the canal. Finally, the grading, which constituted an important item of the general expenditure at Vienna, will play but an insignificant part in the construction account at Philadelphia.

Taken all in all, then, the facilities afforded by the Lansdowne Plateau are unsurpassed.

In the next place, the Plateau is most favorably situated with regard to railroad transportation. It stands in a sort of triangle between the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Junction Railroad, and less than half a mile from either. This Junction Railroad—it may not be superfluous to observe for the benefit of the reader unfamiliar with the topography of Philadelphia—is the common connecting link for all the railroads that center in the city, and the highway over which passes all the travel between the South and New York. It is no temporary makeshift, then, but a permanent double-track railroad, built at great expense and with great skill, and furnished with every means of handling the heaviest freight and passenger traffic with safety and dispatch. The carrying capacity of the Pennsylvania and the Junction Railroads is practically unlimited. By laying down connections with these two main lines, the managers of the Centennial will be able to receive goods from all quarters, north, south, east, and west, without transshipment. Even those articles that come from foreign countries can be landed at the wharves of the Pennsylvania Railroad on the Delaware, and run into the grounds by rail. The ability of the Centennial to receive and handle goods by rail, as compared with that of the Ausstellung, is in the proportion of four to one. For although the Prater grounds were connected with the Vienna railroads by a continuous line of track, the route was circuitous, and the sharp turns and elbows were numerous and extremely awkward. During the height of the "rush" at Vienna, say the last week of April and the first week of May, the Ausstellung employees were able, by working night and day, to receive and unload 300 cars in twenty-four hours. Reckoning the capacity of an Austrian freight-car at two thirds of the American, we get the sum of 200 cars as the maximum day's work in the Ausstellung. Truly there is not a railroad of the second class in America that could not do its work better. A sure evidence of the insufficiency of the trackage at Vienna is to be found in the circumstance that in the early part of May there was a "block" of about one thousand cars at the terminus of the Northern Railway. Furthermore, the managers of the Centennial, profiting by the experience acquired at Vienna, have decided to run temporary tracks directly into the Main Pavilion itself. By this means they will reduce cartage and truckage to a minimum. One of the most discouraging features of the Vienna Exhibition was the excessive amount of pulling and hauling necessary to move

weighty or bulky articles from the car-tracks outside to the interior of the Industrial Palace.

In the third place, the Philadelphia buildings will be much more manageable than those at Vienna. The chief building of the Ausstellung, the Industrial Palace, presented many striking architectural features, but it was in the main impracticable. It was unwieldy by reason of its excessive length, and the Rotunda, which, standing alone, would have been impressive in the highest degree, was rendered "squat" in appearance by the wings. The managers of the Centennial have done wisely in refraining from any attempt at imitating the Austrian plan, and in contenting themselves with a smaller and more simple building modeled after the Sydenham Palace. The Main Pavilion of the Centennial may be described, in a general way, as a rectangular parallelogram, sixteen hundred feet long by five hundred broad. The height will be between seventy and eighty feet, except about the junction of the axes, where the central towers rise one hundred and twenty feet. The materials used in the construction will be iron and glass. When sold at the close of the exhibition, they will realize, it is asserted, at least forty per cent of the total cost of construction. The area of the Pavilion will be divided into longitudinal and transverse zones; the former serving for the grouping of articles by departments, the latter by countries. This arrangement, it will be observed, resembles that of the Paris Exposition of 1867 in its general features, the chief difference being that in Paris the shape of the building was that of a flattened ellipse. While the managers of the Centennial do not hope to succeed in carrying out this two-fold grouping—by departments and by nationalities—with all the nicety of detail that characterized the Paris Exposition, they are confident of making their Main Pavilion a marked improvement upon the Industrial Palace at Vienna. There is no reason for regarding this confidence as ill founded. The purely geographical arrangement, as it was styled, that prevailed in the Industrial Palace, proved itself to be unfortunate. Each nation stood by itself, as a detached entirety. The result was that the visitor who wished to make comparisons was obliged to walk from one end to the other of a building three thousand feet long. Thus, to select one article for the purpose of illustration, the porcelain from England was at the extreme west, that from China and Japan at the extreme east, that from France, Italy, and Germany, between, at wide intervals. To one desirous of studying fictile work in all its varieties, the waste of time and energy in overcoming

such distances was a serious drawback. These remarks upon the Industrial Palace will apply with equal force to the Machinery Hall, the Agricultural Halls, and the other buildings at Vienna. The universal opinion among those who had to do with the Exhibition was that the so called geographical arrangement was excessively inconvenient.

The present condition of the finances of the Centennial may be briefly described as follows. The State of Pennsylvania has appropriated $1,000,000; the city of Philadelphia, $1,500,000. Subscriptions to the stock fund now amount to $2,100,000. The State appropriation goes, by the terms of the donation, to the erection of Memorial Hall, the exclusive use of which, for the time of the exhibition, is conferred upon the management of the Centennial. Memorial Hall is to be a permanent art-gallery, 365 feet in length, 216 in width, and 59 in height (over the basement of 12 feet), and crowned in the center by a dome. The materials are granite, glass, and iron. No wood is to be used in the construction. In its dimensions and its architecture,—the modern Renaissance,—Memorial Hall will present an uncommon union of beauty and grandeur, and will be a standing ornament to Philadelphia. The city appropriation of $1,500,000 is to be divided between the Machinery Hall and the Horticultural Hall. This latter is to be a permanent building for the uses of the park. Like the Main Pavilion, it will be constructed of glass and iron, and tastefully ornamented. The Machinery Hall will resemble the one at Vienna in its general proportions,—an elongated parallelogram,—but will not be so large, and will not have such massive side-walls. No plan has yet been adopted either for it or for the Agricultural Hall. The Main Pavilion is to cover eighteen acres, the Machinery Hall about ten. The estimates of expenditure are: for the Pavilion $1,200,000; for the Machinery Hall, $800,000 (to be increased if necessary); and for the Horticultural Hall, $200,000. It will be evident, from the above informal statement, that the managers of the Centennial rely upon stock-subscriptions for meeting general expenses and for erecting the Agricultural Hall, which certainly should cover not less than eight acres. The running expenses during the time of the exhibition are roughly estimated at $1,500,000.

It is impossible to contemplate these figures and measurements without experiencing a sensation of relief. They show that those who have the Centennial in charge are willing to profit by the example of Vienna, and confine their aspirations within the limits

imposed by prudence. The plan originally adopted for the Main Pavilion would have covered thirty acres, and necessitated an expenditure of probably double the present amount. The total area of all the above named buildings at Philadelphia will not much exceed that of the Industrial Palace alone at Vienna. In other words, in place of huge, awkward buildings and immense distances, we shall have practical structures at a comparatively moderate expense. What the Centennial may lose thereby in bulk, and possibly in variety, it will gain in compactness and convenience. The Main Pavilion, for instance, although far less pretentious and overwhelming than the Industrial Palace, will undoubtedly present a more pleasing *coup-d'œil*, and will display its contents to greater advantage.

Concerning the number and the character of the private supplemental buildings that may cluster around the principal buildings, nothing as yet can be predicted with certainty. It is possible that the carriage-makers, for instance, may combine to erect a pavilion of their own. The managers of the Centennial will undoubtedly do all in their power to facilitate such private enterprises. The following suggestion has been made, which will probably commend itself to every liberal thinker. It is that each State and Territory of the Union shall erect on the grounds a handsome temple or pavilion of its own, constructed of building-materials native to the State, and exhibit in this pavilion specimens of the leading articles of its trade and industry. The expense for each State would be slight, while the *ensemble* of forest, field, mine, and factory would be startling. But there will be no impropriety in conceding, from the outset, that Philadelphia cannot compete with Vienna in this particular. The Centennial will not be set off with such magnificent private structures as the Emperor's Pavilion, the "Press" Pavilion, the pavilions of the Duke of Coburg and Prince Schwarzenberg, or the Khedive's Palace.

A large portion of the funds of the Centennial, two of the four and a half millions, is derived from subscriptions. These subscriptions are put in the form of stock-shares, at $10 each. The total amount of stock that the managers are authorized to issue is $10,000,000. The question naturally suggests itself, What prospect have the subscribers, or stockholders, of being reimbursed? The answer will not be forthcoming until the exhibition is at an end, and the accounts are balanced. The Main Pavilion, the Agricultural Hall, and the other buildings (exclusive of the Memorial Hall, Machinery and Horticultural Halls) will, it is to be presumed, absorb the fund raised

already by private subscriptions. To this expenditure must be added the running expenses, estimated at $1,500,000. Against this rather formidable-looking outlay are to be set off: first, the receipts from the sale of tickets; second, the receipts from licenses for restaurants and the like, and from the sale of the official catalogue; finally, the receipts from the sale of the materials used in the temporary buildings. In attempting to estimate any one of these sources of income, we can not be too careful to avoid the self-deception that arises from enthusiasm. Before the opening of the Vienna Exhibition, the Director-General relied confidently upon 11,000,000 florins of gate-money alone; the official returns after the close showed only 2,500,000 florins ($1,250,000). In view of the experience obtained at Vienna, we may doubt whether the receipts from the sale of entrance-tickets will do much more than meet the running expenses. By running expenses is meant, of course, all that incidental outlay which does not come under the head of construction-account. A daily average of 30,000 paying visitors at fifty cents a person, for 150 working days (six months, Sundays excluded), would yield $2,250,000. This is a high estimate; the receipts from this source at the Paris Exposition of 1867 fell short of $2,500,000. To an impartial observer, the chief difficulty under which the Centennial labors is the want of indorsement by the national government. Should the aggregate expenditure outside of the city and state appropriations be fixed positively at $3,000,000, and should private subscriptions up to this amount be guaranteed by Congress, the status of the Centennial would be raised beyond cavil. As matters now stand, those interested in the undertaking cannot commit a more serious mistake than that of expecting too much. There is no reason for supposing that the daily average of visitors at Philadelphia will exceed 30,000, and there are many reasons for rating it at not higher than 20,000. The receipts from the sale of catalogues are wholly indeterminable; so also those from restaurant licenses.

Another possible item of expenditure remains to be discussed, to wit, the prizes to be conferred upon meritorious exhibitors. No official decision has yet been reached by the Commission. Many of the members are averse to giving any awards or prizes, and it is greatly to be desired that their views may prevail. Nearly every one who was present at Vienna, and watched the proceedings of the juries on the spot, became convinced that the prize-system was a delusion, not to say a scandal and a disgrace. The agent of one of the largest firms in America was accused openly of attempting to bribe the presi-

dent of the jury-section under which his articles were exhibited. The president of one of the group-juries (not an American), was accused no less openly of foul play in awarding medals to a firm in which he was pecuniarily interested. Many of the instances of gross blundering in preparing the list of prizes were inexcusable. The jurymen were, as a class, men of the most undoubted ability and sterling integrity, but the work was too much for them. It is not to be imagined that any set of jurymen chosen in America would meet with better success. We may say, once for all, that a great exhibition is not the proper field of operations for prize-jurymen. It is too large, and it does not afford the necessary opportunities for testing the relative merits of the articles offered in competition. The medals given by the Royal Society for Agriculture in England, or by the American Institute, mean something, because they are given, as we all know, sparingly and only after the most searching examination. But a Vienna medal meant nothing. By deciding to dispense with medals and juries, the Centennial Commission will not only spare themselves much trouble and expense, but will prevent an incalculable amount of ill feeling, abuse, and trickery.

Another point, upon which too much stress cannot be laid, is the necessity of having the Centennial Exhibition in complete readiness at the appointed time. In the first place, visitors will not come in large numbers until the Exhibition is in perfect order. Vienna demonstrated this beyond a peradventure. In the next place, haste is a spendthrift. Things done at the last moment are done not only badly, but wastefully. The object to which the Centennial Commission should bend their energies is the completion of all the public buildings by November 1875, before the setting-in of winter. This done, they can dictate their own terms to exhibitors. The winter and spring will not be found too long for receiving, unloading, distributing, and "installing" goods. The demand for space will probably be greater than the supply; some of those desiring to exhibit will be crowded out. If, then, the Commission are able to say in midsummer: We shall certainly be ready before Christmas, and we hereby notify exhibitors that we do not insure the acceptance of any article delivered after the first of March,—they will enforce punctuality. But if the buildings drag, if the Commission are tardy, exhibitors will not consider themselves under obligation to hasten their preparations, and we shall witness a repetition of the scenes of April and May at Vienna. The cause that operated more than any other to prevent a full display of articles at the opening of the Vienna Exhibition was the

widely spread belief among foreign exhibitors, and even among the Austrians themselves, that the buildings could not by any possibility be completed at the appointed time. The buildings were ready, it is true, but there was no reason for believing, in September 1872, that such would be the case. Nothing but the singular mildness of the winter enabled the General Direction to keep its engagements. If the Centennial Commission are interested at all in securing the largest possible receipts, they must open their exhibition, not in name merely, but in fact, on the appointed day; and in order to do this, their buildings must be under roof before Christmas.

It would be a waste of time to indulge, at this early day, in any speculation as to the character and value of the articles to be displayed before the public in 1876. Enough has been said, surely, to convince the people of this country of two things: First, that the Centennial is no longer mere talk, a mere project. It is a plan that has already assumed definite shape and proportions, and that will be carried out in the manner indicated. Second, that the Centennial, although on a smaller scale than the Paris Exposition or the Vienna Ausstellung, will be a grand enterprise. Whether or not it will represent American industry and commerce as they should be represented, depends upon Americans themselves. Our traders and manufacturers have only to meet half-way the invitation thus extended, to make the Centennial the most brilliant and most fruitful display of their own capabilities that can be imagined. Let them, if they will, regard it as a mere mode of advertisement. They may never have another such opportunity of exhibiting before the eyes of the entire country, and of the representatives from Europe, exactly what they are doing at this present day, and what they are capable of doing in days to come. It would be the height of fatuity to view the Centennial as an undertaking in behalf of the interests of Philadelphia alone, and to hold aloof from it on that account. There is nothing in the constitution of the Commission, or in the personal character of the members, to warrant such an ungenerous suspicion. They are all men who have the honor and prosperity of the entire country at heart, and nothing would rejoice them more than to see the entire country adequately represented. Should the East, South, and West do poorly, it will be because the men of those regions have stood tamely by. In that case, they will have no one but themselves to blame, if Philadelphia and the Pennsylvanians, after bearing nearly all the burden, should also reap all the profit. In one department, certainly, if in no other, the Centennial ought to eclipse all its predecessors. Namely, in machinery. It is

in the power of our manufacturers and inventors to make a display of machinery at Philadelphia that shall throw London, Paris, and Vienna completely in the shade. This utterance is not the outpouring of enthusiastic patriotism ; it is based upon a careful study of the Machinery Hall at Vienna. There were more "inventive brains," to borrow the expression of one of our engineers, in the little section occupied by America than in all the rest of the huge Machinery Hall. By the side of our ingenious contrivances, that did their work with such economy of space and force, and with such precision, the cumbrous structures from Germany, France, and even England, seemed twenty years behind the times. In this connection, America may lay claim to unique distinction. Mr. Corliss was the only person who received a diploma of honor without being an actual exhibitor. But, in truth, the entire Machinery Hall, with its appurtenances, was his exhibition, for every stationary engine at work in the building or on the grounds was in principle a Corliss engine. Philadelphians have derived not a little comfort from the success of the Franklin Institute Fair, held in October last. This impromptu resuscitation of an old annual fair surprised even those who had it in charge. The attendance was good, the quantity of articles and machinery was very large, and the quality was all that could be desired. It was an exhibition of which any city might be proud. It showed the ability of Philadelphia to cover an area of several acres, at a moment's notice, as it were, with the products of her own local industry. Would it not be well for the Centennial Commission to obtain a share in the direction of the Franklin Institute for 1875, to conduct it on a larger scale, and to operate it, especially with reference to what is known by the specific term, "installation," as a preparation, a rehearsal for 1876? Much could be learned by this means in the way of economizing space and insuring artistic arrangement.

After all that may be said and done, the people of Philadelphia hold the fate of the Centennial in their own hands. It is for them to foster and fructify the enterprise, or to nip it in the bud. They can insure the most complete and disastrous failure, by simply doing nothing; they can succeed only by dint of strenuous, clear-sighted exertion, and of self-sacrifice. Philadelphia is pre-eminently a city of resident families, each occupying a house by itself. There is but one large and well appointed hotel: the Continental. The other hotels are small, and most of them old-fashioned. There are but two or three *hotels garnis*, and the number of boarding-houses is very small. Philadelphia is anything but a travelers'-city. The habits of

the residents are regular and domestic, their tastes are simple and easily gratified. They are not used to the whirl and bustle of the world, the influx and efflux of masses of strangers. We dare not cherish any illusions on this point. Philadelphia as it has been, and still is, can not accommodate the numbers of visitors that it expects. It must first modify, for the time being at least, its style of living. Unless Philadelphians can give to the rest of the country unmistakable evidence of their ability and their willingness to furnish lodgings, the rest of the country will stay away. The future of the Centennial lies here in a nut-shell. There is no city in the world so capable of expansion as Philadelphia. At the beginning of the year 1873, there were within the municipal limits 124,302 dwelling-houses, for a population of, in round numbers, 700,000. In other words, only five persons to a house. No such favorable ratio of room-area to population exists elsewhere. If we reject 24,302 houses as either too remote, or too small, or unavailable for some other reason, we shall still have 100,000 houses, every one of which has at least one room to spare. It is for the Philadelphians themselves to meet the problem. Its solution will depend upon their willingness to abandon for the while their domestic privacy, to throw open their doors to strangers from the East, West, and South, and possibly from Europe. It is not a matter of entertaining hospitably the delegates of an ecclesiastical conference or a scientific congress. It is a matter of sheltering utter strangers, mere sight-seers, men and women without any recommendation but their personal appearance and their ability to pay their way. Even were the capital obtainable, it would not be possible to build and furnish in the coming fifteen months a sufficient number of hotels, to say nothing of the certainty that such hotels, if too numerous, would be left on the owners' hands at the close of the exhibition, as a dead investment. Three or four new hotels, each having from two hundred to two hundred and fifty rooms, are indeed desirable. They would facilitate the arrival and departure of travelers, and would be a permanent gain to the city.

Here we must rest the case with the Philadelphians. They are the persons most directly interested, and the only persons who can act. It is always an ungracious task to play the part of a warning counselor. But it is at times absolutely necessary. We should be but sorry friends of Philadelphia and the Centennial, were we to speak only words of praise and cheer, and not give voice to our doubts and our fears. These doubts and fears do not proceed from ill will; they are the promptings of sober experience. May they be received in the spirit in which they are uttered.—(*International Review*, Janu-

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 005 821 639 2